UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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A SONG OF THE FUTURE

Sail fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past.
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.
Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea;
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste:
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;
Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

Easter is not only a nature festival celebrating the coming of the flowers and the nesting time of the birds, but it is the tenderest festival of the human heart, reminding us of the vacant chairs around the hearthstone and the altar. It is a custom as beautiful as it is inevitable to express our reverence for those gone, by free-will offerings to the causes they loved in life, and which in death they taught us to love. UNITY levies no Easter tax and makes no demands upon its readers, but it hopes that the inspirations of the day will be witnessed by love offerings to the many noble causes it represents. It is an occasion where it is best that one hand should not know what the other hand doeth. Give out of the abundance of the heart if you give at all.

The itinerary of the Senior Editor is at an end and once more he is back in the sanctum at the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago with a joy that increases with years in the way that his absence redounds to the advantage of UNITY readers and to the increasing potency of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. All the wheels have not only been kept going during his absence, but most of them have been burnished and lubricated and are working the better for the five weeks of non-interference on the part of the Senior, whose indebtedness to the associates, resident and non-resident, is keenly felt and hereby cordially acknowledged. We hope that our readers will reciprocate the confidence with which they have been treated during the month of March. This little weekly has now entered upon its thirty-third year. With growing confidence in the future as in the past it will wear its heart upon its sleeve, confident that no daws will peck at it, but that brothers and sisters will reciprocate the confidence and will loyally support it in the future as in the past. Everybody can do something, many of our readers can do much, much more than has already been done towards extending the circulation, strengthening the ministry and prolonging the career of UNITY.

Of all those who have written about Jesus, only one man leaves us with a vivid sense of him as a living human being. The "Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan, written on the mud floor of a Syrian hut, quite apart from its theories, which we need not accept, does show him to us in the vibrating air of the East, with warmth, color and reality, as he walked in Galilee and Judea. Saint-Gaudens confesses that when he meditated his statue of Phillips Brooks, he drew his suggestion from Renan, who had learned, with Turgenev, that Jesus had "a face that looked like the face of all other men, just a common human face." When the statue was unveiled,—showing the Master just behind the great preacher, as if whispering a message into his ear,—it was criticised because it brought Jesus too near. A relic of this feeling may be seen even in the Kennedy drama, where "the Servant in the House" wears the garb of the far East, as though he had come on a visit from that distant and mystical land. Far truer is the portrayal of the Christ-life in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome, in which the Stranger appears in the dress of today, as a man among men, restoring equality between laborer and master, doing away with the false artifices which divide and estrange men. He is tender but candid, gentle but searching, with a certain sweet, half-humorous sagacity which sees through the sins and shams of men and women to the good below, which, by his faith in it, he evokes. Some seem not to know the Christ-spirit when it wears an humble shape, as the beggar in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was not recognized as the Master by the knight until at last he stood forth "tall and straight, as the pillar that stands by the Beautiful Gate." Not yet has been fulfilled the prayer of Whittier:

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

Cast down our idols,—overturn
Our bloody altars,—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity.

Why Merriam Was Not Elected

Because he was 17,000 votes short. Because there were not independent, single-minded, progressive Republicans enough to elect him. Because there were several times 17,000 Republicans who really had no use for such a candidate and who, next to the cohorts of the Mayor-elect Harrison, rejoiced in his defeat. All the Republicans who had party debts to pay or party hopes to lure them, knew that Merriam was not their man. All the boss leaders of the Republican party knew that their machines were made for other purposes than to elect a non-partisan Mayor. They knew that their mills were set to grind another kind of grist.

Professor Merriam's defeat was anticipated by the far-seeing ones. He himself should have known, and the generous backers who aided him with time, money and brains must realize now what they ought to have realized all along,—that they were not playing an ingenuous game. In trying to inject a little "practical politics" into the campaign and get the advantage of "Republican Organization," "Republican Enthusiasm" and "Republican Momentum," they were caught at it and "hoisted by their own petard." In short they were found out, and now they ought to realize that it doesn't pay to compromise with the devil of expedience, and that they should work for principle and elect a man on the sheer strength of principle.

"But you can't elect an independent man in Chicago!" was the knock-out argument of three months ago. Now the knock-out retort is, "Well, you didn't elect your man anyhow!" and you have wasted much of your money and much of your enthusiasm that ought to be stock in trade for future independencies, and have confirmed the cowardice and imbecility that through these many, many years have dominated or disgusted thousands and thousands of independent voters in the city of Chicago, who at each municipal election have been compelled to hold their noses at the polls while they did "the best thing that could be done under the circumstances," with a sorry emphasis on the *circumstances*, knowing that they were playing into the hands sometimes of bad men, always of vicious methods.

How long, O how long will it be before men will live up to their intelligence in the municipal activities of a great city, and break once and for all with the tyranny of national political parties when municipal servants are sought for?

"Chicago has thrown away the best chance it has had for many a year," is the verdict of one independent and disgusted voter. The truth is, Chicago missed it, did not have a chance to express itself, even now. We believe now, as we believed four months ago, that if all the money, brains, time and attendant enthusiasm had been centered upon Professor Merriam or his equivalent, or a better man, before either of the parties began to organize their primaries, he might have been elected Mayor of Chicago. If he had been defeated it would have been nothing but what has already happened in this case and there would have been a beginning made that would lead the way to sure victories farther on; and thousands and thousands of voters were clearly persuaded that there is no redemption for the modern city through the manipulation of national partisan politics.

Now that the election is over there is a commendable purpose manifested by the young men and others who caught a vision of what a competent, academic, single-minded administration might do for Chicago, to save the pieces and conserve something of the energy and, to use their phrase, "Keep up the fight."

So the Young Mens' Progressive Republican League is being fostered, but the title itself contains the seeds of its own dissolution, it bargains beforehand for defeat and one more disappointment. A Young Men's Progressive League is a title to conjure by, it represents forces that could and will redeem the city, but a Young Men's Progressive Republican League is a misnomer, a self-limiting fallacy, although of course a Young Men's Progressive Democratic League would be as much so or more. Anyway, so far as municipalities are concerned, both Republican and Democratic parties are impotent if not pernicious elements in the future life of American municipalities.

There are other reasons why Professor Merriam was not elected Mayor of the City of Chicago on April 4th, as it seems to the present writer, but these reasons will keep, and perhaps they may be noted in future editorials.

J. H. Jowett: A Welcome

With joy and fervent good wishes UNITY welcomes Doctor Jowett to our shores, and bespeaks for him a fruitful and notable ministry among us. He comes not unknown, for his books and his fame have preceded him, and it is believed that he will prove to be a worthy successor to John Hall, of Fifth Avenue, as he did to R. W. Dale, of Carr Lane. Better is it for a city than shops and ships, than skyscrapers and subways, that it have given to it an authentic teacher of the things of the spirit. Not only New York but the whole nation needs a sweet, far-echoing voice, speaking in behalf of the highest faith.

Just now a neat little book, entitled "J. H. Jowett: A Character Study," comes opportunely to hand,

confirming what must have been the impression of all who read his printed sermons, that there is something in the man that does not get into type. He is, beyond doubt, a master of the homiletic art, and his books show that he excels in "the imaginative treatment of the commonplace," in superlatively apt and abundant illustrations, in a tonic quality of wholesome and calm optimism, in sympathetic skill as a physician of souls, and in a seer-like divination of the unasked questions of the human heart. He is, besides, a master of simple, lucid, finished diction, ever seeking, as Stevenson did, to win himself into the music of words. Says Mr. Morrison:

His style is not by any means the simple gift it may appear. The apparent ease in the pulpit is the result of long-continued and laborious study. He leaves nothing to chance. In important passages every word is studied and carefully selected for its appropriate use. His sermons are written in full, and delivered substantially in the same form. Thus his utterances abound in literary artifices which would be quite impossible in extemporaneous speech. . . . The soft and modulated voice; the wealth of illustration, both in thought and gesture; the novel and colloquial treatment; the frequent epigram; the rapid flow of succinct and highly compressed thought,—these are the qualities that go to make up the subtle thing we call Style. . . . Dr. Jowett's style does not consist so much in the substance of his sermons as in the manner of their delivery. Not a little of his wonderful influence over audiences is due to the almost hypnotic effect of his personality. He has a kind of psychological power of thought-projection which creates an atmosphere congenial to him. You soon discover that his personality is even more eloquent than his voice. . . . When you have once heard this gray-haired young man, humbly, yet with conscious dignity, supplicating on behalf of erring men before the invisible Throne of Grace, you have gained a new vision of the poetry of English speech and a new consciousness of the majesty of things useen.

Surely that is high praise, fulfilling the thesis of Cardinal Newman, "Personality, the Means of Propagating Truth;" but we venture to say that, so far as the printed record is concerned, Dr. Jowett is excelled in the literary quality of his sermons by S. A. Tipple, whose "Sunday Mornings at Norwood" is one of the classics of the later English pulpit. But as a spiritual personality, winning men by the lure of a unique and compelling charm, he is no doubt the greatest living preacher. A writer in the *British Weekly* thus describes the impression of that personality, and as a tribute at once to the man and the minister it is worthy of a wide reading:

His preaching is more than oratory, more than eloquence. It is the spiritual force issuing from a clear soul and igniting the imagination. It is the inner life made audible and visible. It is the best in one man appealing to the best in all men. Few preachers are able to make us feel their sincerity, their reality. In the pulpit Jowett casts down the barriers that separate soul from soul. He admits us into the secret places of his sacred strivings after goodness. He lifts us out of the tumult and traffic and carries us into the serenity of a dedicated will. Men are not easily moved by didactic exhortations and theological harangues, but they are instinctively responsive to the radiance of manifest spirituality. They are unconsciously aware of its veracity. Its magic is not wholly intellectual nor wholly emotional, but rather a blend and fusion of all the qualities of noble living, noble thinking, and noble feeling. A man might reject every theological system and yet nourish his soul at Jowett's feet.

Here is his power. He has the spiritual insight of a poet who can suddenly make life for us in the loftiest meaning and widest promise. He fills us with a sense of our personal value and the waste that eats out our hidden riches. He makes men feel the supremacy of good and beautiful things. He creates a new atmosphere and makes all men one with his own intense emotional yearning and desire. He forgets that he is a man with a name and an isolated soul, and becomes an embodiment of human longing and human need and human pain. And so mighty is his vision of life that he fuses the hearts of men and uplifts them in a supreme democracy of aspiration. This is more than eloquence. It is life.

Such a man is welcome to our land, as an example to the ministry of plain thinking and high spiritual living, of literary grace and religious power; and as an inspiration to men who long to hear, amid the din and hum and litter of their labor, amid the giddy pace and vexing cares of our hurrying life, a clear, sweet voice speaking the simple truth with lips of magnetic fire. Long may he live and bear witness among us, and may his ministry be an apostolate.

JOSEPH NEWTON.

The Initiative and Referendum

Last year, 1910, out of 447,908 voters of Illinois, a majority of 319,510 voted for a constitutional amendment, legalizing the Initiative and Referendum.

A bill to that effect is now before the State Legislature. Attempts are being made to defeat the plainly expressed will of the people. Every citizen ought to know about the matter and fight for this bill.

What is the Initiative and Referendum?

First, the Initiative is a method whereby the voters may enact needed legislation if the legislature for any reason refuses to give the people the laws they require. A proposed law presented to the voters and receiving a majority vote becomes a law in spite of the legislature.

Second, the Referendum establishes a method by which, if the legislature passes bad laws, they can be referred to the voters and defeated by a majority popular vote.

Who oppose the Initiative and Referendum?

First, well meaning but timid people who are afraid to trust the people. Their method of thought is aristocratic. Theoretically they believe in Democracy, practically they are afraid of it. Unconsciously they are aristocrats, and in limiting the political opportunities of the people they stand for an aristocratic form of government while maintaining the theory of Democracy.

Second, corrupt corporations and individuals desiring to control legislation for their own selfish interests. It is comparatively easy to purchase a purchasable majority of a legislature, but not so easy to bribe a whole electorate. A hundred thousand dollar "Jack-pot" may do at Springfield, but the buying of a majority of the entire electorate is a practical impossibility. Hence corrupt corporations and individuals are fighting the Initiative and Referendum.

Third, corrupt and purchasable legislators who are in politics for revenue only. With the Initiative in force it will be useless to pay legislators to prevent legislation, because the people can ignore a corrupt or a shiftless legislature and pass their own laws. On the other hand, it will be of no use to bribe legislators to pass corrupt legislation, because the people can demand its reference to themselves before it can become a law and thus defeat it. The "Jack-pot" ring is against it. The legislator who is in the pay of corruption or special interests is against it. With the Initiative and Referendum the purchasable legislator is out of a job.

What are their arguments against it?

First, its opponents say it is un-American. Ours is representative government. The Initiative and Referendum places government directly in the hands of the people. What is the fundamental thing in our American government? The rule of the majority. Representative form of government was supposed to give the majority the power to rule and make laws. Practically, government by representation has become a means for defeating the rule of the majority. A political campaign is fought out on some virile issue and the voters elect officials who presumably will carry out the wishes of the majority at the polls. Once elected your officials proceed to do as they choose or to sell themselves to the highest bidder. Great aggregations of conscienceless wealth have, again and again, proven, with officials of all kinds, more powerful than the majority votes of the people, and the people have been betrayed.

Second, it is said the Initiative and Referendum supplants the legislature. Its purpose is only to supplant a corrupt or a shiftless legislature which refuses to do the will of the people.

How much we need the Initiative and Referendum to protect ourselves and really establish democracy in our government is shown,

First, by the fact that the people voted by a large majority to have a certain man elected Senator. A hundred thousand dollar "Jack-pot," contributed by corporate and private interests, defeated the will of the people.

That was not Americanism.

Second, in 1902, or nine years ago, the people of Illinois voted 428,469 votes and, with only 87,654 votes against instructing the State Legislature to submit a constitutional amendment for the Initiative and Referendum, the State Legislature for nine years has deliberately refused to obey the expressed will of an overwhelming majority.

That is not Americanism.

And now in the face of another overwhelming majority, our State Legislature is again seeking, and selfish and corrupt interests are seeking through it to thwart again the will of the people.

That, I submit, is not Americanism, but anarchy.

The Initiative and Referendum, instead of being un-American, is, merely a return to the most fundamental principles of our American Democracy, the right of majority to rule and not have their wishes thwarted again and again by corrupt legislatures or corrupt corporations and selfish interests. The people of Illinois are getting increasingly tired of having the form of Democracy without the substance. Shall the people or the aristocratic few rule Illinois? More than that, shall the people rule or shall corrupt corporations and purchasable legislators rule our great State? Every man who can reach a member of either House of the Legislature ought to do what he can to influence a reluctant member to vote for the pending bill and give government back to the people where it belongs. R. A. WHITE, D. D.

Peoples' Liberal Church, Chicago.

National Faith in Spiritual Laws

There are but six nations in the world, mighty in all-round fighting power, latent or developed; four in Europe,—England, Germany, France and Russia; our own United States of America; and add for Asia now the startling, little, old-young Empire of Japan. Two of these have just experienced that thrill of joy prophetic which Lowell describes:

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west."

But today the thrill has followed, not a deed for Freedom, but a word for Peace; or, rather, the echo of a word,—the belated welcome given by an English statesman to a simple, common-sense proposal, twice made by President Taft last year, that all disputes of whatsoever kind between the two nations, even those involving "honor," should henceforth be settled by a Court of Arbitration. "Let our two nations," the English statesman virtually hinted, "make such a pact and keep it, and other nations might follow suit, and the world's peace be at last secured." He spoke cautiously, as statesmen do; but all this seemed to lie within the horizon of his thought. What lies within its horizon, that is, the outcome of the plan, rather than the plan itself, is the important thing; for even without the formal pact England and America will be very slow to ever lock their arms in fight. Taken with its large horizon, then, is the statesman's thought mere dream? Many will answer, "Yes." Promptly the German Chancellor has answered, "Yes, for us; ideal, but impracticable." France, on the other hand, has lifted eager head to listen, and seems to say, "Me, next!" Let us put our question thus: Suppose that the pact becomes a fact, but *tri*partite, between America, England and France, and between each Power with the other two, *then* would the states-

man's vision of a world-peace seem but an enthusiast's dream? Doubtful, it must be confessed, is such a pact as yet between the two Channel nations. But the world has reached the point when such a covenant between the three great War-powers named appears to be at least a possibility, perhaps a probability.

True it is, we live in bristling days. The British naval budget provides for five new Dreadnoughts, we are told. Hammer-clang on rival steel-clads never stills in Germany. What means the permanent unrest of Turkey and her neighbors? What are Russia and Japan about in Chinese lands,—and canny Japan, perhaps, in lands nearer to our own? And we,—are we not using yesterday's victor ship as a target to try guns on, and planning a new battle-ship to beat all records for destructive power, and filling up our regiments, and playing a great war-game on our borders? Certainly we live in bristling days.

Yet, as truly, right in these bristling days, new strong influences are undermining war. The perfecting of agents of destruction into agents of annihilation; the apparition of the air-ship, suggesting antiquation of much in our present system of defense, and change in warfare as momentous as that which gunpowder wrought five hundred years ago; the bankrupting of the nations by the enormous cost of modern armed peace; the growing sense of the absurdity of the whole business,—the absurdity of this frantic, panting competition in armaments between the highest civilizations of the earth, all in order *not* to use the armaments when ready; the people's deepening pity and anger over the insane wastes of human welfare it involves,—wastes vital, economic, moral, that are making peace itself but a gloomy suburb of the "hell" of war; and,—more spiritual, subtile, potent than all these things, the rising good-will between the nations that is keeping pace with the rise of democracy within them; and the world's growing faith that moral forces are supreme in a nation's as in an individual's life,—these several influences, most of them evoked by war itself, are warring against war every day that the sun now shines upon the foolish circle of quiescent but embattled nations.

This last influence, the rising faith that, within and over all laws geographic, physical and economic, it is *moral laws* that shape the destiny of nations and dominate in history as in the individual life, is itself enough to make us realize that, however days may bristle, we are living in a *moral resurrection-season.* So will our later nineteenth and the early twentieth century yet be named. The opening, just ten years ago this month, of a Court of Arbitration for the nations was an act of faith in spiritual laws. It signalized a widespread recognition, reached at last, of principles like these: that right is might; that reason's victories last best; that justice between lands is as protective as frontier forts; that good-will between nations is a substitute for war-ships; that national generosity is a national life-insurance. It meant that the maxim, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, and by justice the state is established," is passing from a scripture ideal into a national consciousness. Jingo editors of the press, and Hobsons of the navy and the army, and cow-boy statesmen are still dreaming last night's dream of war's necessity and benefit and glory; but the peoples as a whole are waking from that dream. It is a bit of the irony of history that a Theodore Roosevelt should have received the Nobel peace-prize—and deserved it! But the fact that he did deserve it, and that the nobler *non*-cowboy elements in him have helped immensely in our waking from that war-dream that he loves so well,—witness his return of the surplus indemnity to China—shows the depth of the upstir that is today rousing the world from the nightmare of the ages.

The opening of that Hague Court of Arbitration was one expression of the rising faith in moral law as operative between nations. President Taft's recent proposal, the novelty of which lies in the one word, "whatsoever,"—arbitration for all quarrels whatsoever, even those involving "honor,"—and Sir Edward Grey's welcome to the daring novelty, and the thrill "trembling on from east to west" as the peoples heard the welcome, are a new expression of the rising faith. The United States has it at this moment in her power to achieve two other acts of faith, that might set the world's peace-movement forward by a hundred years. One would be,—to neutralize her Panama Canal, and invite the nations who are to enjoy its benefits to join hands in its perpetual protection. Protection it must have; could joined hands not give it? Such trust as *that* in moral forces would to-day require high courage. Yet planned wisely,—the whole world looking on, while the great Powers pledged their honor to the sacred task,—that act of generosity and trust would probably protect our canal *more* effectively through the years to come, and with far less of danger, of anxiety, of cost, than any attempt by its builders to appropriate its benefits and maintain their rights by force against hostile comers. Because it would give America the world's good-will, and a world's good-will is walls against attack. Picture the results in world-welfare that might follow a Convention representing the great nations, summoned by America to counsel together that the wedding of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans should mean jubilee to all the earth!

And our country has it at this moment in her power to perform another great act of faith—by neutralizing those new semi-possessions of ours, the Philippines, and placing them also under the joint protectorate of the strong World-powers. Danger, again, in that; but is our present occupancy there devoid of danger? Are not those distant islands our weakest

point, and the most inviting to attack? Some repentance and self-mastery and self-sacrifice it would, no doubt, involve, with total abandonment of the barbaric conqueror's claim that we "own" those islands. Good things all! And higher reaches of statesmanship than any yet attained might be needed to accomplish the neutrality successfully. That very need of a higher statesmanship would be part of the resulting good; for demand brings supply,—and we have use for higher statesmanship today! Another good would be the greater security thenceforth for all other little peoples of the earth against oppression by the strong; for the act would raise the standard everywhere of international justice. And still another good would be greater security for the nation that did the just and generous deed. It would confirm to us again, the world's good-will, its trust in America. It would key up our own national conscience, too; and strengthen us for leadership in other movements making for righteousness and peace on earth. To every such movement our privileged position and our history pledge us, and we ought to lead in them.

One consequence of national acts of faith like these would be the gradual transformation of a portion of the armies and navies of the world into an international police. Even Sir Edward Grey ventured to predict this transformation. A hundred or five hundred policemen, with three or four courts and a jail, are enough to represent the whole *force*-element necessary to maintain justice in huge communities of hundreds of thousands of citizens. Peace rules between them, order is kept, the rogues are awed, the criminals are held at bay, and measures for the common good are carried out, because the whole community is back of the tiny blue-coat army that wears the buttons and carries the night-stick of authority. A small army, a small navy, made up of American, English, French constituents,—others, too, as the nations join the league,—with the united strength of the great Powers behind them, would ensure their own protection and the world's peace more effectively, and with incomparably less cost to humanity, than the rival armies and navies that now strut and sidle and growl at each other across the boundary lines.

Who will may call this but a dream, a fair mirage, a far-off prophecy at best,—and not be fool. But *all* bettering things have, in their unripe season, and often in fast ripening seasons, been pronounced "ideal, but impracticable,"—and then come true! One strong, imperious, selfish nation, twirling its mustachioed "honor," and with its secret thirst for conquest not yet quenched,—one such nation, by refusing to co-operate in arbitration, as we refused in 1897, or by multiplying Dreadnoughts on the seas, may put off the day of unarmed peace for years,—and earn the execration of the world! May the Senate of our United States at home, may Germany abroad, think well before they earn that execration! And still that day is nearing. The "dreams" of peace are already turning into accomplishment and fact. Spring sometimes has a way of maturing with a rush:

> "On move the resurrection hours,
> The Easter heralds throng,—
> Till sudden bursts the miracle
> Of blossom and of song!"

So human Springs, through centuries prepared, long prayed and waited for, sometimes culminate with a rush. Surely the preparation for *this* Spring has been slow and long. It began before the angel-song of Christmas legend floated from the skies. And the lingering of the Winter is now earth's chiefest tragedy. We shall see somewhat, our children will see more, our grandchildren may perhaps see all, of a resurrection process whose story will unfold the latent meanings in five pregnant terms,—Arbitration, Neutralization, International Police, Disarmament, and Intervention:

Arbitration of national disputes of all kinds whatsoever before International Tribunals;

Neutralization of the little peoples of the earth under joint protectorates of the strong;

An International Police, more efficient in maintaining peace than our rival armies and navies, and at cost of men and treasure vastly less;

Progressive National Disarmaments;

Intervention by the public opinion of the United Nations against oppression and injustice attempted by any single nation,—as today by Russia, with her iron heel set on Finland and the Jews; by Turkey, with her periodic massacres of Christians; by England, forcing her opium trade on China; in Africa, the Congo atrocities; by America, in any possible exploitation of the Philippines, or white-man meanness towards the race that we, in our slave-hunting days not far away, brought bound to our "free" land,—our negro fellow-citizens. Intervention more and more by the public opinion of the United Nations to end such wrongs as these.

Five stages in the resurrection process now well begun: and each successive stage new witness to the nations' rising faith in the supremacy of Moral Law.

W. C. GANNETT.

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, which moves
> To the mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
>
> —*William Cullen Bryant.*

> Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
>
> —*James Russell Lowell.*

THE PULPIT

Jesus

An Easter Sermon by J. T. Sunderland

Long ago—nineteen hundred years—there arose among the Jewish people of Palestine a singularly strong, wise, tender and heroic soul, devout toward God and on fire with love to men, one fit to be called of the line of those great prophet souls who, appearing from age to age, had made the history of Israel glorious.

Reared in a quiet village in rural, picturesque Galilee, and the son of a humble artisan, he had spent his childhood and youth at home with his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, working with his father at the bench, attending the village synagogue with his parents, learning to read, studying and committing to memory the law of his people, and, not less important, learning the lessons which the hills and the fields, the birds and the flowers and the skies, the simple life around him, and his own heart had to teach. Thus he grew up to manhood, natural, thoughtful, reverent, earnest, his nature unspoiled by the artificialities of the world, his devotion to truth, duty and love spontaneous and perfect.

But a nature so genuine and sincere could not fail early to discover, and to be moved by, the sad side of human life; and a peculiarly burdened, troubled and anxious time it was into which he had been born. His nation had lost its liberty. The foot of Rome was heavy on the neck of his countrymen, crushing down their national spirit and extorting from them the most burdensome and cruel taxes.

Religion, too, was at a low ebb. Public worship, in the hands of an ecclesiastical class, had hardened into a formalism devoid of moral or spiritual life. The fires of the old national Messianic hope, the hope that God would raise up a great deliverer, burned up fitfully from time to time and then died out in deeper darkness than ever. Outside the ecclesiastical class a materialistic and money-worshiping spirit was in the ascendant. The poor and the unfortunate had few to befriend them. The people were as sheep having no shepherd. Truly, the skies were dark.

Of all this the young Jesus grew gradually conscious. And as he came to understand it, the iron of it all entered deep into his soul. He pondered and prayed and pondered again. Was there no hope? Could he do nothing to help his stricken countrymen? At last the conviction arose in his mind, like the dawning of a morning light, and, as the months and years went on, it grew steadily clearer, that there was help for them, but that it did not lie in the direction in which they were looking; indeed, that it did not lie in any mere change of outward conditions, important as such changes might be. It lay in something deeper. It lay in themselves. It lay in God. If they could have heaven within their own souls, it would matter little that Rome had stolen their national scepter or that the exactions of the tax gatherers were heavy.

From those years of thoughtful communion with his own thoughts and with God, in the home, the workshop, the synagogue and the fields, he had learned that heaven is trust and love; he who can feel that above the dark and troubled scenes of life there is a Divine Wisdom and Goodness directing all, has found a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Add to this the spirit of self-forgetting love, the love which sees all men as brothers, and the conditions of heaven are fulfilled. He who has these conditions within his own soul can defy all external things; he is superior to the pains and afflictions of earth.

This was Jesus' gospel. Summed up in a word it was, "Oh suffering, sinning men, God is your Father; love and trust him. You are all brothers; love one another."

The prophets before him had caught dim, far away glimpses of this gospel. But to Jesus it was given to see it clearly, full-orbed, and to realize its mighty regenerating, uplifting and saving power. more and more this gospel burned within his heart. More and more he longed to give it to his suffering, down-trodden countrymen, and to the world.

At last the conviction grew so strong that he could hesitate no longer; he must set out upon the mission of definitely preaching the gospel which he felt that God had given him.

He began in the villages of his own neighborhood, in Galilee. Wherever he went, multitudes came to hear his gracious and inspiring words. Everywhere his message stirred the hearts of men, awakening in all classes new hope and desires for a better life. He went to the larger towns. He made circuit after circuit among the principal cities and villages of all northern Palestine. For a time all went well. But it was not long before trouble began.

I have said that the religion of the country had largely hardened into a lifeless formalism, administered by the ecclesiastical class. Those in authority are not pleased with the young and ardent reformer. His message to the people, "God is your father, you are all brothers," seems to them a dangerous doctrine. They begin to put obstacles in his path; to stir up popular prejudice against him, and to plot for his destruction. He sees it all and determines to go up to Jerusalem, the seat of ecclesiastical authority, and face his enemies in the very stronghold of their power. There the crisis soon arrives. He must either close his lips and abandon his mission or else he must pay the penalty, which will be arrest and trial, and probably death.

What does he do? He believes his Gospel to be truth, and truth of the highest possible importance to his countrymen and to the world. He would gladly save his life; yet what is life compared with duty, and service compared with obedience to the voice of God in his soul, compared with the salvation of men from selfishness, sorrow and sin? Perhaps if he dies for the truth he has to teach his death may add impressiveness to his message. Thus if they will not let him preach it he can at least give his life for it.

So, in the face of danger and death, he goes straight forward, turning neither to the right nor the left. The arrest comes; he does not falter. Sentence to the most cruel and ignominious of deaths—that by crucifixion and between two common malefactors—comes; still he does not falter. He dies for truth. He dies for duty. He dies for love. He

dies to give to the world his gospel, "Oh, suffering, sinning men, God is your Father; love and trust him. You are all brothers; love one another." He sacrifices himself that others may be saved.

Can any one fail to see how tragic it all is, how heroic, how noble beyond words?

Do we wonder that it stirred his disciples and filled them with a passionate earnestness to give to the world the gospel for which their beloved master had lived and died? Do we wonder that such a death, crowning such a life, added an almost superhuman impressiveness to those teachings which before had been so winning and so powerful? Do we wonder that such a gospel, supplemented, re-enforced, set on fire by such a life and such a death, has spread, and still is spreading with resistless power up and down the earth?

EASTER

"Oh keep Thy servant from presumptuous sin,"
Help us to know that Thou art Lord of all,
That every race has felt Thy gracious power,
That unto Thee doth every nation call.
As brave is he who in the conflict falls,
As he who finally shall the victory win,
Be this our prayer, amid the Easter joy,
"Oh keep Thy servant from presumptuous sin."

The Miracle of each returning Spring,
Eternal promise of the breaking day,
Love that not age, nor sin, nor death can change,
These are Thy beacons on the long, dark way.
On broken fragments of some ancient tomb
Lives the faint hope that, freed from death's dark night,
Those who had loved and parted here below
May walk mid asphodels in fields of light.

At touch of Ostra's robe the world is fair,
In northern forests, Balder lights the gloom,
'Neath southern skies, Proserpina comes forth,
Egypt's Osiris rises from the tomb.
The common hope, the common heart-felt prayer,
The longing, cherished oft in doubt and pain,
Seeks at all times an answer to the cry,
"If a man die, shall he not live again?"

Faith answers, yes, through all the centuries,
Hope presses on, and knowledge points the way,
The savage prophet, and the Christian priest,
Each speaks the heavenly vision as he may.
All thanks to Thee, Lord of Eternity,
That the great leaders of our human race,
Are those who, like the Hebrew seer of old,
Have met Thee in the silence, face to face.

Through doubt and fear, through sorrow and through toil,
In distant climes, in ages far apart,
Thy children strove to push aside the veil,
To read the message graven on the heart.
Not to us, followers of the Nazarene
Alone, the Easter joy, the Easter light,
With clearer eyes we tread the ancient path
That leads beyond death's mystery and night.

EDITH E. KENNEDY.

How long, old builder Time, wilt bide
'Till at thy thrilling word
Life's crimson pride shall have to bride
The spirit's white accord,
Within that gate of good estate
Which thou must build us soon or late,
Hoar workman of the Lord?

—*William Vaughn Moody.*

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

—*Robert Burns.*

Religious Life in France

The casual traveler in France is likely to overlook the most wholesome and hopeful aspects of French life. Those who try to break into the gay and frivolous life of any city will naturally become cynical in respect to the deeper elements of the national life. Some there be who have found only the vicious and depraved side of Parisian conduct. Others think of the bright and charming capital simply as the home of art. Paris to them means the Louvre, Versailles, and the Luxembourg Gallery, or the Salon.

Some of us have had the privilege of becoming acquainted with representatives of the real France, the France of serious purpose, of plodding industry, of religious faith and fervor, of optimistic idealism, of sympathy with the Evangel. One who, on the Protestant side, represents the best traditions of the generous, liberal, and devout faith, illuminated by modern science and philosophy, is Francois de Witt-Guizot, grandson of the great historian of civilization and the able statesman. In a lecture given at Geneva, under the auspices of the Christian Association of Young Men, in November, 1910, M. de Witt-Guizot spoke of the Reformation and the modern man. It is not a sermon by a theologian, rather is it a fresh, simple, direct speech of a layman, who touches even the superstitions of the ancient church with reverence, knows how to appreciate its fundamental truths, and yet is stirred by the profound convictions of Protestantism. One can see how, while he respects the Roman Catholic faith, he could never himself be a Catholic.

Furthermore, we can see in this vigorous utterance the reason for the continued activity of the Protestants in France, side by side with the skeptical materialistic and mocking spirit about them. For example, he cites the saying that the pious man and the atheist both speak forever of religion, the one speaking of that which he loves, and the other of that which he fears. Many a man claims to be without faith, and deceives himself. "There is in the soul even in its depths a root of faith which never dries up," and again, "the passionate search for truth in liberty is even in its torments the essential nobility and force of the modern man." Science itself is a sublime act of faith, which the church has sometimes unfortunately forgotten. The Reformation places man face to face with God. The sigh concealed in the depths of the soul, of which the "Imitation" speaks, the Reformation has interpreted with the simplicity of the Gospel, the precision of Calvary and of the Redemption. The tragedy of salvation is enacted directly between God and us.

The organization of liberty in the individual and in society, the law of the Gospel as the Reformation teaches it, is not resolved into an anarchy of wills, nor in a syllabus of negations; it shows a splendid list of affirmations. It declares that man must achieve. Need of exchange of fellowship and co-operation is not alien to liberty. The man who proclaims himself an individualist has a singular fear of solitude. He flies from it in any way he can. Religion is social and organizes a churches.

We are not able to isolate ourselves here at the Rock of Calvary. When we have placed our feet there love surrounds us and binds us together. It is no longer a cell of our being which does not feel itself united by a thousand ties to the family, which divine

love unceasingly gives to us in its inexhaustible fecundity; we are constrained to go out of ourselves, to ask our part of the burdens under which sinks this army of the unknown which surrounds us, the gigantic army of the blind and of the paralytic, to which the same love is offered for the same healing; and so life is realized in the love of the true Church Universal living in the past, living in the present, living in the future, of which each one of us has his part and responsibilities. With a warmth of spirit which shows no sign of world-weariness, this representative of modern scholarship, this enlightened layman, pours forth a praise of charity and harmony which fills our minds with hope for a noble and generous people, who have only too long been torn by the contending factions of superstition and ecclesiasticism on the one side, and superficial skepticism on the other. Some day this earnest minority of constructive minds who have a message of positive content will have the ear and win the heart of a great people.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

Perversion of Scripture

Dear UNITY:

I think few readers of our admired paper would fail to discern with a smile the "smart writer's" intentional twist given (March 16) to the bit of Scripture to which Mr. Mann refers in his kindly and scholarly way April 6. There was no thought on my part that any reader would take the wilful perversion seriously. I did indeed query whether any such "smartness" might not be culpable, considering the origin of the text; but recalling the suggestion of early rhetoric that indisputable wit has place even in serious discourse, and remembering also that in his marvelous monologues (if we may rightly credit him with them all), the man of Nazareth, whose sententious wisdom I wantonly misapplied, himself not infrequently played with the significance of words and phrases, I dared step into the snare,—and was justly caught.

Since that March wickedness of mine, a further excellent "Capitalistic" text, and again from Jesus, has been called to my attention,—by the Hon. Victor L. Berger, the new Congressman from Milwaukee. Its appropriation is sad, even terrible, for such ruthless application; yet we can but enjoy intellectually, and even morally, the keenness of its perverted use in this biting and fearlessly scornful sense. Writes Mr. Berger, speaking of a certain current political committee *organized to oppose reform.* (I use only dashes where he prints names in full):

"Who is the president [of that committee]? —— ——, one of the fiercest and most dangerous labor-exploiters in the United States. . . . . Who is the vice-president? —— ——, a fleecer who made his 'barrel' out of the sweat and blood of little boys and girls in the tin factory. His motto always was: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' He is, of course, opposed to all child-labor laws.

"And not being satisfied with having made a 'barrel' out of the living, he is now selling lots in the Union cemetery,—thus catching them in the factory while they are alive and then catching them in the cemetery after they are dead."

Dear UNITY, would not any just God, and any "Saviour" worthy of the name,—"humbling himself, and being found in fashion as a man"—forgive serenely a bit of writer's "wit" in perverting even "sacred Scripture" to damn (in the restrained fashion of Jesus) a such egregiously evil social system as we today complacently permit to exist?

Boston JAMES HARCOURT WEST

Winter Homes in the South

An increasing number of Northern farmers are learning that they can spend seven months at work in Florida or California and the rest at work in their Northern homes. The effort to make this a mere annual migration has not proved successful. It is profitable, however, to have a quiet homestead at each end of the route, and while you grow corn and apples at the North you can grow oranges or peaches at the South. Bee-keepers find it profitable to have an apiary in Ohio or Pennsylvania and another among the pines. Keeping hens and raising chickens can be carried on as a profession in the same way. Hens lay all winter in Florida and bees work every month in the year.

What I emphasize is that merely racing back and forth to escape the winter's cold cannot be carried on except by very wealthy people. The tourist should become a home-seeker, and should build a home at each end of the route. In most cases a family may be able to carry on the two establishments with a pretty good degree of success. The companies organized for establishing colonies are in a few cases doing good work, but the large majority of them are either fraudulent or themselves ignorant of the real conditions which are to be faced by settlers. The rule should be to buy not one acre before it has been seen by the purchaser. In many cases swamp land is sold for city lots, and everglades that have only been cut through with canals must be worked for years, cutting ditches and fighting mosquitoes before the farmer can even begin his crops.

At present it may be said in general terms that central Florida includes about all the available land for a Northern home-maker to repeat himself, in this state. This includes a strip up and down the center of the state, of high land, finely rolling, with the hollows filled with lakes. These lakes are from half a mile to five or ten miles in diameter. The water is clear and sweet and soft. Those that are deep enough to endure drought constitute fine homes for fishes; and no one can go amiss who secures one of these small lakes and the surrounding land for a home and a farm. The lake border is generally very rich and deep muck, which having been aerated and treated with lime makes magnificent garden land. The higher rolls are less rich in nitrogenous soil, but are just the proper home for peaches and oranges and whatever other fruit you choose to grow. Melons take to the high lands and Irish potatoes to the low lands. Among the fruits that can be grown most readily beside the citrus fruits are the loquats, plums, figs and quinces, while peaches thrive exceedingly well on new soil.

The key to success in fruit-growing is a very liberal mulching with plenty of lime. As a rule Southern orchards are stimulated with commercial fertilizers and not mulched at all. The result is that the soil is soon whipped of its strength, and the trees will not respond to any sort of fertilizer treatment. Strawberries, raspberries and blackberries do exceedingly well with mulches. This mulch, made of all sorts of grass and weeds and waste, can be plowed under after being used for one or two years, and makes the humus, or incipient soil. Florida soil, to begin with, is little else than sand, but treated as I have suggested it is easily filled with nitrogen, phosphates and potash.

Tourists know little or nothing of central Florida, their visits being confined almost entirely to the coast counties. The result is that most of them return North with the conviction that Florida is a flat country, and in a wet season too wet. The truck-growers make use of these level lands, especially in the St. Johns valley, for successive crops of lettuce and celery, as well as cabbage and potatoes. Where the land can be drained well and also irrigated these crops are very sure. They are also exceedingly profitable until the business is overdone in some direction and the Northern markets refuse to accept the products. It has been true very recently of celery that the crop could not find sale and must be mowed and plowed under.

The Northern farmer who seeks to create a home in Florida will look at once for clovers and alfalfa, and will be disappointed at not finding them. A large part of the inhabitants buy Northern hay, of inferior quality, at extortionate prices. This is entirely unnecessary. The state affords a large number of grasses around the lakes that will make just as good hay as red top and timothy. We have the beggar-weed also, which is the delight of horses, cows, hens, sheep, and all other animals and fowls. This should be cut twice in a year, while our velvet bean grows 40 to 50 feet in a season, requiring three clips. Cow-peas and soy-beans make both excellent hay and the best of fodder. This only touches the border of the legumes, which can be used for hay or be plowed under, or both. They add to the nitrogen of the soil, make immense quantities of humus, and feed the cattle in the bargain. The resources of the state are hardly touched as yet, while the annual burning over of all the wild land in the state destroys hundreds of thousands of tons that ought to be added to the soil.

The climate is simply delightful. A gentle breeze is almost continually blowing from either the gulf or the Atlantic coast. In midwinter we can work as freely as in midsummer, making garden or picking oranges. There are no coal bills to pay, but we surely should have a plenty of fireplaces, every night being cool and more enjoyable for the burning of a few pine knots. By the first of March we are awakened every morning by mocking-birds, while the cardinal birds tip the branches of loquats with a flame of fire. With our coats off we can nearly every day occupy our verandas or swing in our hammocks.

I can honestly say to every farmer who is breaking down under the severity of the climate, Go to Florida and create a winter home. Do not go, however, to grumble because you cannot find exactly the conditions that rule in the North. Do not go to waste your money on show hotels or boarding-houses, but rent or buy or build a small cottage, and have your own garden as soon as possible. Hens pay their way very quickly. With 20 acres and common sense you can soon have fodder and hay enough for a horse and a cow. You can furnish your own milk and eggs and chickens and honey, certainly inside three or four years. You can also grow your own vegetables, including potatoes and sweet potatoes. You will find an occasional frost, possibly two or three in the course of each winter. You will have to use just as much discretion about such things as you do about Northern troubles. I have never seen the thermometer mark below 27 above zero. With a moderate capital and reasonable health, and some ability at studying things for yourself, you can soon create a successful home.

When you build be sure to have a well constructed house and a good Northern barn. A shack is as much out of place here as it is in New England. In the rolling lands of central Florida be sure that you have a cellar, thoroughly ventilated on all sides, although public opinion is against it. Around your house have verandas not less than ten feet in depth. The pine trees are not the best for shade, and it is well to begin at once with planting maples, basswoods and catalpas, as well as the more distinctly Southern magnolias, china-berries and water-oaks.

Come to Florida as soon as you can get your crops stored in the North and your apples sold. Get here as early in November as possible. Plan to stay until the first of April, and, if possible, until May. The climate is an absolute cure for catarrhs and similar ailments. We know nothing here of grippe, and on an average I should say that Florida should add fifteen or twenty years to an average life. It does not, however, stand true that you can be at all careless or reckless of the laws of wholesome living. We can eat oranges every day in the winter, with sweet potatoes, and we can very easily dispense with meat, or nearly so. The butcher shop is a rare sight in the South outside of the larger cities.

E. P. POWELL.

VOICE OF EASTER

The soul is calling,—Be!—
This Easter day.
And thou wilt come and see
The Vision and the way,—
The glory of the free,
This Easter day?

And thou wilt come, O Heart,—
This Easter day,
To play thy nobler part
Through toil, through good, to stay
With joy,—bid Death depart,—
This Easter day?

And thou wilt break thy thrall?—
The Easter cries,—
Eternal life for all
Whene'er the soul bids rise,
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Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.
—*Goldsmith.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES IN AMERICA

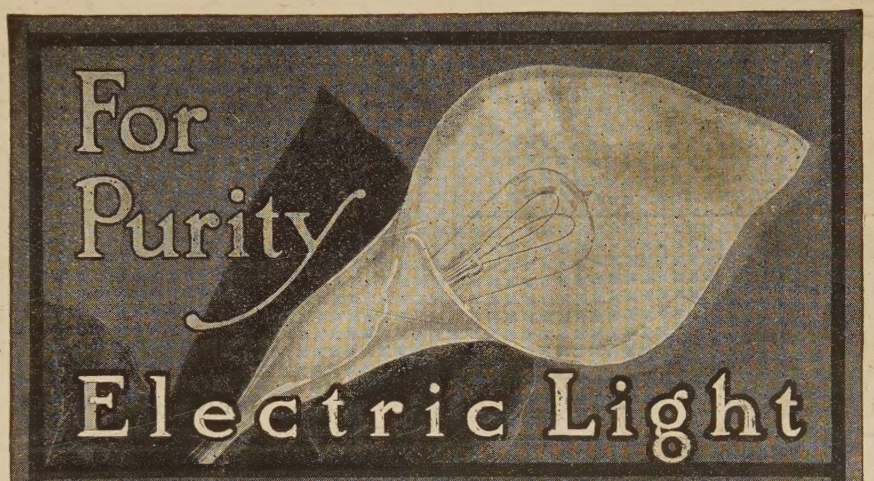
(Continued.)

The creation of public opinion in the several nations was, according to Baron D'Estournelles, the efficient preparation for international action. Nowhere had the propositions both for arbitration and limitation of armaments been more strenuously opposed than in France; but the objections had been effectually met, and, said M. D'Estournelles, "you may be sure that, if we, in France, have been able to answer them to the satisfaction of our consciences, you will easily succeed in overcoming them everywhere else. Referring to the hesitancy of the nations heretofore to grapple with the question in earnest, "what," he asks, "will future generations, who will have to bear the burden of our debts, think of such incapacity? The whole procedure of the powers shows the absurdity of our general tendency. Each increases its sacrifices at the same time, in order not to allow itself to be surpassed; therefore, the distance between all the rival powers remains the same, the proportion does not vary. None of them will emerge strengthened by this rivalry, and ruin awaits them all. One shudders at thinking that, if during the past ten years the powers had come to an understanding to moderate their pace, they would have saved milliards, from which progress would have benefited, without any modification of their respective positions." "It will suffice to discredit governments," is the solemn warning of Baron D'Estournelles, "if they persist in maintaining such an armed peace as now exists, in spite of its unpopularity. An opposition will be formed in all countries against their inaction." "It is not by blind resistance," he says again, "that governments will preserve their authority. It is by their intelligence, by their promptitude in understanding popular aspirations. The question is urgent."

Everybody recognizes that the limitation of armaments will gradually have as a corollary the reduction of the hours of labor, the reduction of the price of goods, the development of the country, the improvement of transport, of public instruction, of hygiene, and the adoption of social reforms. People calculate what a country might do in the way of constructing railways, bridges, ports, machinery, schools, and museums with merely a part of the money which is devoted to naval and military budgets. Let us not forget that until three years ago all the world laughed at our arbitration treaties, and that today they are being signed on all hands. Why should it not be the same in the case of limitation?"

Such were the drastic words of our distinguished French guest five years ago. In the same spirit and to the same purport was his first word as he landed in New York a few weeks ago; and it is a striking coincidence that the British Foreign Secretary was speaking in the same strain at almost the same moment that Baron D'Estournelles arrived here for his campaign in America at a time when the serious attention of our own people is focussed upon the question of the limitations of armaments as perhaps never before.

EDWIN D. MEAD.



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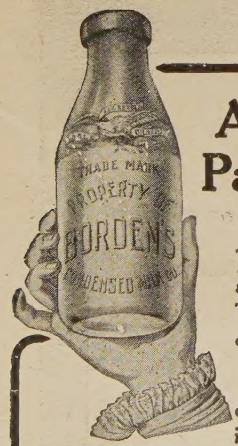

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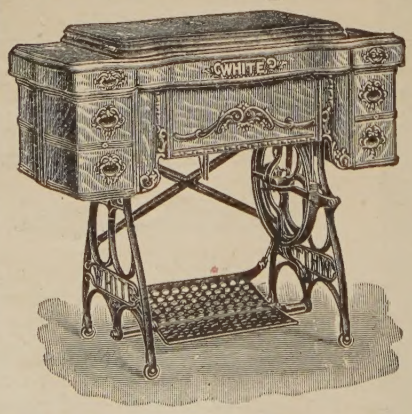

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